

The Mirror

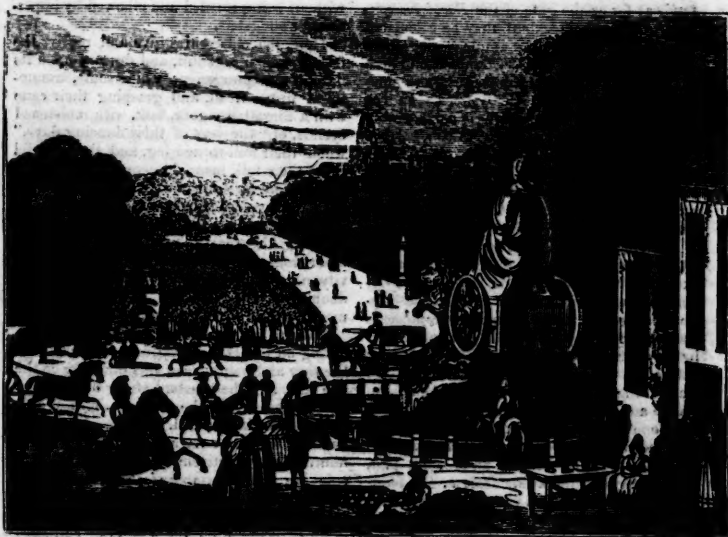
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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PUBLIC WALKS.



THE PRADO, AT MADRID.

"There is but one Madrid in the world."—Nunes de Castro.

To one of the liveliest books of the season—*Madrid in 1835*—are we indebted for the above addition to our illustrations of the *Public Walks of the Continent*. Besides exhibiting the best view of the Spanish Metropolis yet produced, this work presents the most interesting picture of society and manners in the Peninsula generally. The author dates his preface from Madrid, in the spring of the present year. He writes in the true spirit of a philanthropist—one who is not so dazzled with the prospects of the future as ungratefully to forget the glories of the past.

Beyond our recommendation of *Madrid in 1835* to every reader who is anxious to gather correct views of the social condition of Spain—our attention will be directed to that chapter of the work which describes the Prado and its associations. This famous walk is celebrated in old Spanish songs and romances. We know, from tradition, of its having been a wild and desert waste, full of hollows and nooks, and hiding places; and often the scenes of blood, and courtship.

Vol. xxviii.

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Here used to lie the proud hidalgo with his trusty "toledo," prompt to revenge some slight done to himself, or preference shown by a jilting mistress to a bold rival. The dubious hour of dusk was wont to show various forms wrapped in cloak or female mantle, gliding mysteriously towards this other Thebaide; the *doncella* bearing the perfumed billet to the impatient cavalier, or the already vanquished beauty hastening with a beating heart to her lover's arms.

The vicinity of the Court formerly made this extensive waste a convenient theatre for political and other intrigue, and well calculated for the indulgence of the revengeful passions usually attendant upon them. Quiet and well-disposed people, whose swords and blood love to repose in vein and scabbard, ought to feel grateful to the great and worthy king, the Senor Don Carlos the Third, for having turned his royal attention to their security. This cut-throat region was cleansed, and cleared, and levelled by his orders, and in the time of the good minister, Count

800

d'Aranda, who scared away such bad company, and made the Prado what it now is—the resort of all sorts of people wanting to see and to be seen.

This superb promenade begins at the Convent of Atocha, passing before the gate of the same name, turns to the right, runs up to the street of Alcalá, crosses it, and extends as far as the gate of the *Recoletos* convent. The whole extent may be calculated at about 2,700 feet. An ample carriage-road runs through the middle, flanked on each side by avenues for pedestrians, and bordered with large and shady trees. In the centre of the walk, its width is considerably increased, forming a fine "Saloon," 1,450 long by 200 feet broad. On either side, remarkable buildings, views of the various streets that run into it, flourishing gardens, and eight handsome fountains, contribute to enhance the beauty of this favourite resort.

Although the fountains just mentioned are all of more or less merit by their design and execution, those of Neptune, Apollo, and Cybele, are most worthy of a detailed description. The first, by Juan de Mena represents the marine deity standing in his car, drawn by two sea-horses, with dolphins playing before it. In the centre of the Saloon stands the grand fountain of Apollo, of chaste and tasteful sculpture: the water falls from one vase or sculptured basin into another, soothing the ear with its harmonious murmur. Manuel Alvarez, an able sculptor, has the merit of the whole design: the fountain presents two fronts exactly similar; four statues of the seasons adorn the upper part; the statue of Apollo surmounting and completing this fine monument of better days. The magnificent fountain of Cybele, celebrated for the salubrity of its waters, is situated in the street of Alcalá, fronting the Saloon. The goddess is seated in a lofty car drawn by lions; and a colossal mask spouts water from the mouth into a large, circular basin. Ventura Rodriguez, the city architect, traced and made the drawings of all these fountains, although they were executed by the artists we have named.

The abundance of water in the Prado not only adds to the attraction, but maintains the vigour and verdure of its plantations, by means of a narrow gutter, six or eight inches deep, and carried round each tree. As fast as the water is dried up, a fresh supply is introduced; the effect of which, during the summer droughts, gives an extraordinary degree of life and freshness to the foliage of such favoured trees, while their less fortunate neighbours are scorched and withered by a relentless sun. Water-curts are also employed by the municipality to lay the dust, so soon as the summer sets in.

The great extent of the Prado allows every body the choice of a walk according to his

humour. The space between the gate of Atocha and its convent is the favourite resort of the delicate or convalescent, being well protected from the ruder winds by a high wall. It is also the chosen haunt of prebendaries, "snugmen," and other folks of easy habits and incomes, who like to take their time, walk slowly, or stop at every sentence, without being hustled and elbowed by impatient youngsters.

Here, too, old cronies give and receive the friendly pinch of snuff, and descant upon its flavour and pungency; while some, assuming a firmer tread, and grasping their cane with a forgotten vigour, talk, with moistened eyelids, of "the joys of their dancing days," when their well-turned leg, and the graceful tie of their tail, insured them notice. Others again, more taciturn in their enjoyments, lean upon their gold-headed canes, silent admirers of the numerous band of ragged, little brats amusing themselves by rolling over one another from top to bottom of the steep declivity next the walls of the convent, exciting, doubtless, many a sigh that octogenarian members cannot do as much.

Country folks prefer the shady avenue bordering on the Botanic Garden, charmed with the view and fragrance of this inclosure on the one side, and the constant string of carriages and horsemen on the other—novelties only to be seen in Madrid, and described and listened to with envy and delight on their return. Drowsy citizens are to be found here, enjoying a comfortable *siesta*, rolled up in their cloaks, their persons carefully bestowed in the corners between the pillars and the railing, secure from the wheels of carriages and hoofs of horses. Other groups repair to this retreat, intent on other pastimes, of which one may be noted as most prevalent, viz., a most assiduous and persevering examination of their own and their children's heads, not altogether for the same purposes, or in the same way as recommended by Gall or Spurzheim. Fat wet-nurses from the mountains of Santander, with showy handkerchiefs tied about their heads, tight cloth jackets, and gorgeous, laced petticoats, frequent this place with their squalling charges; not to mention the juvenile gambols of a crowd of little angels of both sexes.

But the Saloon of the Prado is the spot where the fame of this renowned field for intrigue and adventure is exclusively kept up. The young, the elegant, and the mass of the population, assemble here at fixed and different hours. Though much frequented at all seasons of the year, it never presents so brilliant a spectacle as on the fine afternoon of a day in spring, when the deep blue sky of Madrid displays its cloudless vault. On such a day, when the flood of population is rolling downwards towards the Prado, following the narrow, flag ways in two dark lines,

and a portion dispersed over the wide streets of Alcala, the spectacle presented by the infinite variety of colours and costumes, the buzz of so great a crowd, and a bright and glorious sun gilding every object, is of the most striking and animated kind! This imposing mass of life flows on and increases in volume, until it finally disburthens itself into the ample Saloon, as rivers discharge their waters into the ocean.

Now begins an agreeable confusion, a friendly elbowing, a volley of "Senora! at your feet;" "I kiss your hand, Caballero!" ogling of eyes and manœuvring of fans, an ever-changing succession of faces, and an incessant exchange of laudatory or splenetic remarks on each other.

The rumble of carriages, the galloping of horses, an atmosphere loaded with thin white dust, the bawling and barking of well-washed, shorn, and whiskered poodles, the shrill cry of the *aguardador*—"Berro, Berro, cold as snow, another little glass, who will drink it? Water! water!"—the little ragamuffin's plaintive "Candela! Caballero! quien la quiere?" and the whisking of his burning rope's-end in fiery circles,—the low rushing sound of many feet and voices, are all so many proofs of the Prado being in its pride and strength!

Acquaintances meet and stop in little groups to chat about the ball of the night before. The ladies kiss one another's cheeks in the most affectionate manner. "Adios! Juanita! How do you do? Have you slept after the ball? I could not wait at all with that horrid *pesado*, who persecuted me the whole night."—"About! Joaquina! you already know that I love you!"—"Tell me, Juanita, did you ever see such a bonnet as she wears. There she sails, so proud of it. It does not at all become her. If she thinks she looks like a *Francesca*, I can tell her she is very much mistaken." * * * "But my aunt is bellowing to me; good-by, Pichoncita, (little pigeon), adieu!" This charitable knot is again mingled with the mass.

A *frulling* sound, like the chattering of birds in a cage, reigns in every direction, produced by the tremulous shake, and opening and shutting of innumerable fans of all colours and sizes, so many eloquent tongues speaking an intelligible language to conscious observers. Even as flowers are "the language of love" in the East, there is nothing in the soft science which may not be explained by a Spanish lady with her fan. Deprive her of her fan and white handkerchief, (whether a flag of truce or emblem of innocence in hand,) and she loses her self-possession and half her fascination. She is, if young, a fairy without her wand; if old, a witch without her broomstick.

Hundreds of light, supple forms keep up their graceful elastic step for two and three hours together, regardless alike of the dust

and heat, and shoes a great deal too tight, even for their diminutive feet—proving that vanity suffers no pain. "*Qua pie tan mono! Que chiquitito!*" (what a lovely foot! what a little bit of a thing,) whispered by a cavalier as he passes, more than repays their cramps and agony.

Meanwhile, other sights and other scenes are passing on the carriage-drive;—an unbroken file of vehicles of all descriptions, of coaches, britskas, phaetons, cabriolets, gigs, and horsemen, moving at a processional pace in two lines up and down the whole length of the Prado. The curious in such matters might here trace the infancy and progress of carriage-building in the models rolling before his eyes. The old Spanish berlina, broad and high of roof, tapering towards the bottom, swinging between four, enormous, leathern springs running under the body of the carriage, drawn by a solemn, well-fed pair of mules, with closely-shaven backs, tails, and ears, covered with antique trappings, among which the saddle, almost level with the animal's back behind, while the front rises boldly into a peak, higher, at least, by half a foot than the seat, is particularly worthy of notice; a rusty iron stirrup hangs from beneath a heavy skirt, just large enough to admit the toe of the postilion, who, placed thus aloft, guides his mules, some with and others without bells. The poor man, in his glazed cocked hat and iron bound gaiters, obliged to follow implicitly the movements of his cattle, is pitched fore and aft, in so strange a fashion, that, were it not for the proud cock of his toe in the stirrup, and his well-stretched knee, one would imagine him in purgatory.

Then comes the *coche decollers*, rather more modern in its cut, but on the same system of springs; a low seat before the driver and *zagal*, with a team of seven mules, tackled together by ropes running from the pole to the leaders, and looking, for all the world, as if they were running away from the carriage, instead of with it. The space occupied by seven mules thus tackled, measures, at least, 50 feet in length.

The space between the two strings of carriages is filled by equestrians of all classes—civilians, military men, grantees,—each adopting the pace prudence, or carelessness of his neck, may suggest; others amuse themselves in conveying to, and receiving telegraphic signals from, some tender-hearted beauty on the promenade.

The inmates of the equipages affect an easy loll as they pass in review the female pedestrians, criticising their dress and appearance; a species of compliment which the latter fail not to repay with usury. We may here remark that fashion has latterly triumphed so much over taste, as to substitute, for the graceful *mantilla*, the staring French hat, with flowers and feathers. A very few

years back, no lady, however high in station, would have hazarded appearing in public with a bonnet; for the spirit of novelty was then checked by national feelings and sympathies. But the laudable preference for this noble and beautiful costume is every day on the wane; a short time will see the *mantilla* banished to the smaller and more remote towns of the Peninsula.

The same scene continues on the Prado, until lassitude, the approach of night, and the theatre, warn the promenaders to depart.

The Madrilians talk with rapture of the pleasures of their walk, during the fine evenings of summer; but the air is then so sultry, and so impregnated with an impalpable, white dust, one of the scourges of Madrid, that a walk in the Prado becomes an infliction. During the hottest season, the hour of rendezvous is not earlier than seven o'clock in the evening. The only way of being aristocratic and extravagant, and distinguished from the modest crowd, is by hiring four or five rush-bottomed chairs, and bestowing your person upon them. Persons of economical habits, (the large majority,) prefer taking their seats *gratis*, on the stone benches, at regular intervals on both sides of the Saloon. Then comes the harvest of the *aguadores*, who ply among the crowd in opposition to the ambulating establishments set up beneath the trees at the entrance of the Prado, where rows of little, white, porous vases, and lines of tumblers filled with sparkling water, invite the passengers to slake their thirst with the same pure liquid, while his Majesty drinks water from the fountain of Berro. The quantity of water consumed by a Spanish crowd is incredible: except, perhaps, some stubborn Aragonese, the lowest classes even prefer it to wine in warm weather. During the French occupation, *cafés* and *restaurants* were established in the Tivoli Gardens; but they pined away on the departure of their mercurial customers, and have long since been shut up. When a cavalier now wishes to offer ladies refreshment, he must send to a distant *café* for ices and lemonade, with their accompanying cakes; a piece of extravagance which, however, is but seldom committed.*

When the bustle of the crowd is past, or reduced to a fitful, whispering sound, in those more silent hours when the moon looks

* It is a serious undertaking to invite a few female friends to rest and slake their thirst, after a summer evening's stroll in the Prado. They are so pleasant and chatty, and thirsty, and then one must fiddle with something in the shape of solids, cakes, biscuits, or what not. Still, it must be said that the ladies of Madrid are by no means comparable in off-handedness to their sisters of Malaga, not one of whom has any objection to dispatch dozen upon dozen of the little, round, plump, inviting, Malaga figs, not to mention ices, yolks of eggs conserved, &c. An ounce (3l. 5s.) is a mere trifle to put into one's pocket when gallantly inclined.

abroad, and the air partakes of her fresh and calming influence, a summer night in the Prado is not without its charms. The hum of the city is heard, but at intervals and afar off, like the breathing of the sea upon the shore: the birds of night send forth a solemn greeting from the dismantled walls of the palace of the Retiro, as a voice from the depths of the past, telling of ruin, and desolation, and human vicissitude. The busy, animated "crush" of an hour ago becomes a vast solitude, animated only by the shrill voice of the *cigalas* keeping vigil in the trees, and lulled by the dash of the fountains. Perchance, some fond couple or solitary being comes there, to commune with himself, and is seen gliding along the moonlit alleys, taking counsel from the night.

Such are the pleasures of the Prado of Madrid!

THE ARMADA.

WITH its far-expanding sails,
Whiter than the ocean's foam,
Breasting wind and billowy surge,
See the proud Armada come!
Oak Leviathans of war!
Titans of the stormy sea!
Frowning cliff, and battled wall,
England! cannot shelter thee!
She whose sceptred hand commands
Isles that bow beneath her sway,
Phillip's haughty voice must brook—
Phillip's mandate must obey.
Not a wreck shall mark the spot
Where the "star of faith" arose;—
"Hold!" cried Queen Elizabeth,
"England's arm shall crush our foes."
Banded ranks of man and steel,
Bristling spears and waving plumes,
Mingle with the tide of war,
Which the startled land assumes.
Hill and vale from Skiddaw's brow
To Devon's sweetest dell,
Repeat the universal cry,
The universal echo swell.
Howard of Effingham and Drake
Raise their standard on the seas,
And the fleet in proud array
Gives its white sails to the breeze;
Harmless rolls the angry surge
Dash'd beneath the vessel's prow;
England's naval pride assumes
All its wonted splendour now.
Onward the Armada sweeps,
Bearing death upon its wings;
But from ocean's silent depths,
Lo! the fatal tempest springs.
Gallant Drake is on the lee,
In the rear are storm and fire;
Lo! the elements and man
'Gainst the force of Spain conspire!
In the whelming wave immersed
Many a stately frigate lies,
And the thunder, like a dirge,
O'er the ocean slowly dies.
Not a friend remains to weep,
Or a record lives to tell
Where the dark Morisco bled,
And the brave Castilian fell.
Evening sheds her gentle ray
O'er the dim and pathless seas,
And the waves are kins'd to sleep
By the lull-dispensing breeze;

Hush'd are all the shouts that rung
Through the smoke-encompass'd sky,
When the cannon's pealing sound
Answer'd to the victor's cry.

While the heart delights to name
With the pulse-like throb of pride,
How old England smote her foes
Prostrate on the stormy tide;
While the festal cup is quaff'd,
Let each merry heart express
Homage to the chiefs of old,
And the days of good Queen Bess!

G. R. C.

Spirit of Discovery.

NEW LANTERNS FOR SHIPS.

CAPTAIN DE CONINCK, of the Danish navy, has invented a new kind of signal-lantern, found to be of great utility in the navy, the light of which is much more brilliant than that at present in use. It is obtained on the Argand principle, without the use of glass, by conveying a current of air through the lantern. The lamp contains sufficient oil to last several hours, and is not liable to the effects of bad weather. It is said to have been tried with complete success in a gale of wind. The above officer has also applied the same principles to the construction of deck lanterns, eight or ten of which when placed midships, are sufficient to give light to the guns on the deck of the largest man-of-war. The light is so well secured from external effects, that it withstands the concussion produced by the firing of guns, which so frequently extinguishes the lights of common lanterns.

THE TURNIP FLY.

A METHOD of preventing the ravages of the turnip fly has been adopted with success at Hempstead. The practice is founded upon the fact that the fly emits its eggs in the autumn, and that they are not hatched till the next spring, when the warmth and the fruitful state of the soil by repeated ploughings and harrowings, admit of the generating effects of the sun's rays. It is at this period the turnip is generally sown; the plant therefore springs up about the time the fly is hatched, and a supply of food being thereby afforded, it is not surprising that the fly should multiply and thrive. If instead of sowing immediately, the soil is brought into as fine a state as possible, and the sowing delayed for ten days, although the fly would be hatched, it would die for want of its natural food. The existence of the fly in a field may be ascertained by placing cabbage leaves at night, and examining them in the morning.

A NEW POWER.

"FROM Frankfurt," says a French publication, "they send us word of a discovery of immense importance, which has been communicated to our Society of Natural Sciences;

this is, of an impulsive force more powerful than gunpowder or steam. Our savans are enthusiastic about it, and are preparing notices for publication which will shortly appear; all that we know at present concerning it, is, that the impeller of the acting power is a galvanic machine, the working of which, it is asserted, instead of a steam-engine, will be attended with less expense and less danger."

LUNAR DISCOVERIES.

PUBLIC curiosity has been occupied for some time by pretended discoveries in the moon: we now learn that this mystification rests with M. Nicolet, (of French origin,) established in the United States. It is said that by the aid of these ingenious fictions, which have been rendered easy to him by his knowledge of astronomy, he has made in our sub-lunary world a very profitable speculation upon public credulity.—*Le Caméléon*.

RAILROAD ABROAD.

"We are assured," says a French paper, "that M. Mathieu, a mechanist at Brussels, has submitted to the Minister of the Interior, the model of a new steam-carriage of his invention, surpassing as a means of locomotion all that has been hitherto known. Its minimum swiftness would be sixty leagues per hour, and it might run from Brussels to Paris at this rate, upon an iron way prepared for it, without any other guide or impulsion than the provision of combustibles and water, supplied at its departure. The whole extent of route it had to traverse must be free and unembarrassed, whilst from stage to stage, it would be easy to stop this courier extraordinary, and take from it a portion of the despatches which it carried. If this discovery," continues the account, "be real and practicable, M. Mathieu may boast of having annihilated mails and couriers, for no government can refuse to adopt a means of communication so rapid, dispensing with the expense of numerous attendants, and above all, infinitely less costly than the actual post establishment."

DIVING.

NAPLES, we know, is the country of divers: a journal of that city, the *Omnibus*, announces that one Lorenzo Giordano, of Fiumera in Calabria, has discovered, after many trials, the method of remaining for six hours at the bottom of the sea, and in the profoundest depths, together with the power of walking under water, and going about a mile per hour.

* This notice, which appears in *Le Caméléon* Feb. 6, 1836, and is probably copied from elsewhere, must surely speak of some improvement in steam-carriages and railways, though the language seems to imply a new invention; but the *Paris Advertiser* mentions (*Vide Mirror*, vol. 36, p. 160.) a railroad already established from Brussels to Malines.

This man asks the advantage to be granted him for two years, and the third part of all that he may find in his submarine peregrinations; upon these terms, he offers to make all experiments which may be required, at his own expense.—*Le Caméléon*.

* Since transcribing this paragraph, an advertisement has (quite recently) appeared in the *Times* newspaper, announcing a similar discovery, whereby a person being enabled "to remain at the bottom of the sea, for a period of from four to six hours," will be able "to raise to the surface any submerged vessels, or portions thereof, without the assistance of a diving-bell, or *bateaux-poissons*, and without any communication for assistance from the surface." The inventor offers to communicate his discovery for a certain price, only on condition of having "proved the same, satisfactorily, at his own expense." The address being foreign, would lead one to suppose that the ingenious Calabrian had come "to astonish the natives" of old England with his discovery; and unless here has been in truth a clashing of original geniusses, we may yet learn how far M. Ador and L. Giordano are connected.

he will do as much in public." We shall all meet with vexation enough, which we cannot avoid; and I cannot think that any man loves sorrow so well, as out of his discretion to invite it to lodge in his heart. I will never undertake an unworthy watch for that which will produce but trouble. Why should we not be ashamed to do that, which we shall be ashamed to be taken in? Certainly, they that set spies upon others, or by listening, put the base office of intelligencer upon themselves, should blush to be discovered in their projects: and the best way to avoid the discovery, is, at first, to avoid the act. If I hear anything by accident that may benefit me, I will, if I can, look only to the good: but I will never lie in wait to hear my own abuse, or for to know the affairs of others that concern me not. He has a poor spirit, that is not above revenging petty wrongs. Small injuries I would either not hear, or not mind: nay, though I were told them, I would not desire to know the source they were derived from.

W. G. C.

Anecdote Gallery.

PARNASSIAN PARE.

We have heard it related of C—, one of our most celebrated poets, that being asked to dinner by a lady of his acquaintance, he stipulated to name two things, at least, which he desired to have. His fair friend, aware that he laboured under some nervous apprehensions respecting his health, permitted him so to do, when the poet requested to be indulged with *black puddings* and *peppermint cordial*!

AN INDIAN COOK.

SIR GEORGE N—, a general officer, many years of whose life had been spent in both Indies, had once in his establishment a black cook, an admirable artist, who could not, amongst other things, be equalled in the composition of stuffing for a turkey. One day, Sir George gave a dinner—it was, we believe, in the East Indies—and a *dindon*, as usual, graced his table.—"This bird is fine," said the guests, "but, if we may presume to remark it, the force-meat is not so delicate and good as usual."—"And I can tell you the reason why," replied Sir George; "my famous, old cook is dead, and the fellow who supplies his place has, unfortunately, *no teeth*; for, my dear friends, you must know, that the far-famed, delicious force-meat of my late, lamented *chef-de-cuisine*, obtained its perfectibility by being always minced in his mouth!"

LIGHT LIVING.

A Norfolk farmer went, one day, to an eminent physician in Norwich, looking as ghastly and cadaverous as if just risen from

Retrospective Cleanings.

SUSPICION.

OWEN FELTHAM says:—Where men suspect by judgment, they will likewise, by judgment, keep that suspect from hurting them. Suspicion, for the most part, proceeds from a self defect; and then it destroys the mind: they that in private listen to others, are commonly such as are ill themselves: the wise and honest are never troubled with this failing. He that knows that he deserves not ill, why should he imagine that others speak evil of him? We may observe how a man is disposed, by gathering what he doubts in others. Suspecting that we see not, we intimate to the world, either what our acts have been, or what our dispositions are. I will be wary in suspecting another of ill, lest, by so doing, I proclaim myself to be guilty: but whether I be guilty or not, why should I strive to hear myself ill spoken of. Jealousy is the worst of madness; for through it we seek for that which we would willingly not find; and, when found, what do we get but vexation? So far from seeking discontentments, we should often be careless of those we find; neglect will kill an injury sooner than revenge. When Socrates was told that one railed on him, "Let them beat me, too," said he, "so that I be absent, I care not." He that will question every disagreeable word, which he hears spoken of him, shall have few friends, little wit, and much trouble. One told Chrysippus that his friend reproached him privately. "Aye," said he, "but chide him not, for then

the tomb, to which he seemed rapidly hastening, from a complication of disorders. His symptoms were so singular and alarming, that Dr. W— considered his case hopeless; but, rather for form's sake than under the idea of being able to do him any good, asked him several questions, and these amongst others:—"Well, my good friend, and what do you take for breakfast?"—"Bread and cheese, and ale, sir."—"Oh! bread and cheese, and ale—very good things in their way, but a little heavy, perhaps, for the first morning meal:—and what for dinner?"—"Bread and cheese, and ale, sir."—"Nothing else?"—"No, sir: I *never* gets nothing else."—"Well, and what for supper?"—"There's my *nooning*, that comes before supper; and it answers, I take it, to *tea* among the gentry."—"Very well, my friend, and what do you take for your *nooning*?"—"Bread and cheese, and ale, sir."—"Ho! and what for supper?"—"Bread and cheese, and ale, sir."—"Upon my word, you must have a wonderful appetite."—"Why, yes, I think 'tis pretty good."—"And you eat heartily?—and never of any thing else than —?"—"Yes, doctor; and never of any thing else, because I can't get it."—"Take this advice then from me, my poor man:—go home; take your bread and ale as usual—to them I've no objection—but leave off your cheese for six weeks, and, at the end of that time, let me see you."—Dr. W.'s mental reservation was, "if you be then alive."—The farmer thanked him, bowed, and retired. Many weeks elapsed, and the physician not having been called on by his patient, concluded him to be dead; but to his great surprise, met him one day in the streets of Norwich, in rosy health.—"Doctor," said the farmer, "I owe you my most grateful thanks; your advice I faithfully followed, and—here I am. I did not wait upon you again, because I wanted nothing further; but I shall never forget that to your simple prescription I owe my life."

A PUDDING AT SCHOOL.

Two young ladies, the daughters of a nobleman, who had been educated at a celebrated establishment for juveniles of the fair sex in the environs of London, were, one day, after they had left school, invited to dine with their late preceptress and schoolfellows. Amongst other delicacies, which had been ordered for Mrs. —'s own table; was a pudding, which was to be made very excellently, with eggs, candied peel, chopped almonds, &c.; but this confection not making its appearance in due time and place with a companion tart, induced the inquiry,—"Where's the pudding?"—"Coming, ma'am," said the footman; "but it won't be ready yet, for a quarter of an hour."—"And pray—why not?"—"Because the cook

couldn't get any eggs to make it with."—"How then has she managed to make it at all without?"—"Oh, ma'am!—*tim't* made without eggs; she took some from under the hen, which she thought would do very well, because the creature has only been sitting these four or five days!"—M.L.B.

TIDE TO FORTUNE.

WILLAN, the great horse-contractor, and late occupier of the Bull and Mouth Inn, in the year 1745 was hostler at the Lion Inn, at Barnet. The then Duke of Cumberland, when on his route to the North, happened to have a horse for his own riding brought to him to look at, at this inn. His Royal Highness had doubts of the horse answering his purpose, and, with his usual good humour, asked every body's opinion, among others, Jack's; and John immediately pronounced him unfit. He was then requested by his Royal Highness to assign his reasons, which John stated. Upon this, the duke asked him whether he knew of a horse that he could recommend, when John replied in the affirmative, and brought a horse into the inn yard, which, upon trial, gave the duke much satisfaction. On the duke's return from Scotland, he still found John a hostler, and commending his skill in horsemanship, asked him if he was disposed to take a contract for furnishing a few artillery horses. John bowed and said, he wanted the one thing needful. This want his Royal highness supplied; and, from this circumstance, John, when he died, had accumulated two hundred thousand pounds.

L. P. S.

THE IRISH REBEL, GENERAL GIBBON.

DR. ADAM CLARKE notes in his *Life*:—"We reached the inn just in time to witness the arrival there of the rebel, General Gibbon, who had been captured after an outlawry of thirteen years. He alighted, heavily shackled both on the legs and hands; he was wretchedly clothed. We got into the room where he and several of the guards were. He walked frantically to and fro; dragging his long bolts after him, and talking very wildly; at one time cursing the king, at another awfully obtesting his incapability of being a traitor. He desired one of the soldiers to go and get him a pipe of tobacco. The brave fellow went and brought him in a lighted pipe. He took it, and putting it into his mouth, said, "Now I shall smoke the king's health: and if his health were in the pipe, by the Holy Father, I would smoke it out." His language and his appearance were awful. He has been several times in France; and he has hid himself in the bogs and mountains, and has thus long escaped; added to which, he was so dangerous that no person dared approach him. He was at

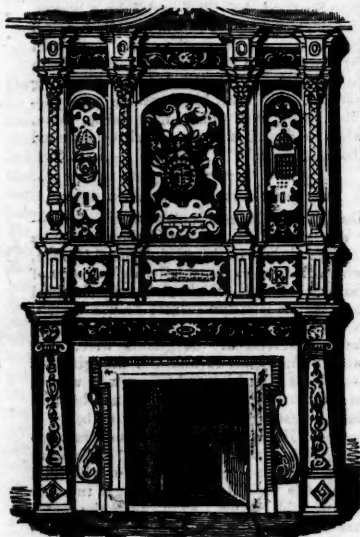
last taken while sleeping in a dry ditch, having a loaded blunderbuss and six brace of loaded pistols about him." L. P. S.

Popular Antiquities.

CHIMNEY-PIECES.

THE architects of old were wont to enrich the chimney-pieces of the spacious rooms in the mansions of our opulent forefathers with surpassing beauty. They were decorated with architectural ornaments, and profusely dight with sculptured, armorial bearings. An elaborate specimen of such chimney-pieces, will be found illustrated in the nineteenth volume of this Miscellany, being one at the Bishop's Palace at Exeter. (See page 417.)

The first of the specimens now represented was a few years since in one of the rooms of the manor-house, subsequently a palace of Queen Elizabeth. This building has been engraved in our fifteenth volume, page 129: to quote the accompanying letter-press, "the chimney-piece was supported by columns of the Ionic and Corinthian orders, and decorated with the cognizances of the rose and

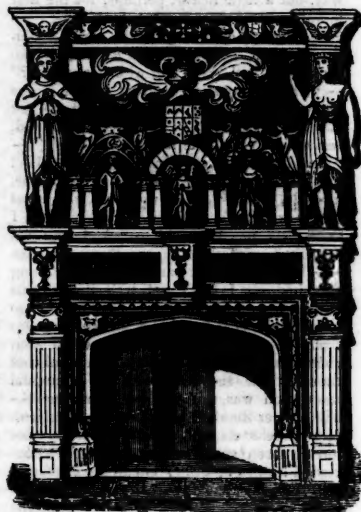


(Chimney-piece in Queen Elizabeth's Palace, at Enfield.)

portcullis, and the arms of France and England quartered with the garter and royal supporters, a lion and a gryphon. Underneath was this motto:—*Sola salus servire Deo*;

sunt cetera fraudes—our only security is to serve God; aught else is vanity. The material of this chimney-piece was marble.

The second chimney-piece is copied from a drawing obligingly furnished by "W. K. S., an original Subscriber." It was boldly carved in wood, and stood in one of the rooms of Rugge Hall, at Felmingham, about three miles north-west of North Walsham, in Norfolk. This mansion formerly belonged to a



(Chimney-piece at Rugge Hall, Norfolk.)

family of the same name, but is now the property of Lord Suffield. It was, like too many of our old English manor-houses, allowed to go to decay, and was tenanted as a farm-house until the spring of 1833, when the whole was taken down. Several of the rooms had their ceilings very curiously furnished with figures and devices. The house altogether was an interesting specimen of the domestic architecture of the reign of Henry VI., or the fifteenth century. Its situation was very secluded, and the exterior presented little attraction to the antiquarian, the architect, or the artist; if we except the fine, brick wall, which inclosed in its area the mansion, gardens, orchard, farm-yard, &c. The principal entrance was through an arch on the east side of the wall, above which were the arms of Rugge cut in stone; as well as over the house-porch; and over the chimney-piece, as shown in the Engraving.

This work was, probably, of a date up-

wards of two centuries later than that of the building of the mansion; for Gibbons, the first English sculptor of eminence, was not born till about the middle of the seventeenth century.

Notes of a Reader.

COUNTRY SEATS—WILTSHIRE.

[We quote the following from one of Mr. Loudon's valuable *Home Tours*,—the information conveyed in these papers in the *Gardener's Magazine* being of the most useful and interesting character, and certainly one of the best features of that well-conducted miscellany.]

Fonthill Pavilion; James Morrison, Esq., M. P.—The late Mr. Farquhar, having taken a dislike to Fonthill, determined on dividing the estate, and selling it in portions, and on one of these he placed a nephew, and built for him a cloth manufactory. At the death of this individual, who according to all accounts was not blest with much taste, his portion was purchased by Mr. Morrison, and the kitchen wing of the mansion built by Mr. Beckford's father was turned into a residence for that gentleman. This house is badly placed, and it does not appear to us to be much improved by some immense clumps which Mr. Farquhar's nephew had planted near it. The same individual had the beautiful mosaic flooring of the cave taken up, and, in relaying it, placed a large mariner's compass of black and white marble in the centre. The orifice in the roof of this cave, by which it is lighted, is unprotected by any fence or grating, and may be considered as a trap for the destruction of men or other animals. We very nearly fell into it, and in consequence wrote to Mr. Morrison, who has since informed us that he immediately afterwards surrounded the opening by a fence. Mr. Morrison's grounds contain the larger lakes of water, some finely planted hills, and undulated valleys. The Fonthill kitchen-garden also belongs to this part of the property; but it is now let. Mr. Morrison, no doubt impressed with the state of utter ignorance into which the labourers of this part of the country are sunk, has established a charity school in the building which Mr. Mortimer used as a manufactory, and in which all children are educated who choose to attend.

Wardour Castle; the Earl of Arundel.—This place takes its name from the very fine ruins of the original castle; but the modern mansion is a plain Grecian edifice with wings, without a portico to its main entrance, and not only objectionable as a piece of architecture, but as unconnected with the grounds either by mural appendages, or sufficient woody scenery. It contains a Grecian chapel, which is much admired; but, for our own

taste, we have never seen a chapel either in Italy or England in that taste which can be compared with those in the Gothic manner.

* * * The descent from the terrace to a grotto, and thence to the ruins of the ancient castle, is fine and highly interesting. The ruins exhibit a mixture of Gothic and Grecian, the latter probably being added in the time of Elizabeth. Many of the old yews and hollies, which were formerly, it is said, cut into the forms of soldiers on guard, still remain. Near the castle is a banqueting room, most nobly kept up for the use of the public, who have free admission to the grounds at all times, and who here find a large, well furnished room in which to take their refreshments, and a person to wait upon them. There is a smaller room, with a dining table, for the accommodation of any party who may wish to dine by themselves, and in the large room are numerous small tables, chairs, and sofas, in the manner of the rural coffee houses of France and Germany. Both rooms are very appropriately ornamented with prints of all the principal old castles in England. There are also panels of looking-glasses, and two fire places. The attendant lives, and has her kitchen, in the floor below. Near the ruins is an extensive piece of grotto scenery, put up by the same individual who executed the grotto at Fonthill and that at Oatlands. His name was Josiah Lane, and he was a native of the adjoining parish of Tisbury, in the workhouse of which he died last year, at a great age! He was perfectly ignorant, but certainly had a genius for this kind of construction. He used to do all the work with his own hands, and be paid at the rate of about two guineas a week; but, like other money-getting men with ill regulated minds, he never thought of making provision for age.

Guide Posts.—On our way to Salisbury we were repeatedly reminded not only of the necessity of guide posts, but that they should be formed of solid letters, with open intervals. So violent was the storm, and so dark the night, that we could hardly see the road; and, taking the wrong turn at Wilton, we went round by Old Sarum; thus taking a very dangerous road, and one which was more than five miles round. The tree at Old Sarum, under which the elections used to be made, was blown down the same night (Aug. 30, 1833).

Stonehenge.—This ruin of what may be considered a primeval temple of philosophy, of religion, of devotion, or of instruction (for all these we consider to be essentially the same), affords some good hints for garden buildings on a large scale. A circle of pillars, whether square or round, on a large scale, joined by massive architraves, either with or without cornices, is a noble and imposing object, and would be so even if the pillars

were built of brick, and covered with Roman cement. Such an ornament might form a fine termination to a wooded hill; and we do not believe there are any which would produce so grand an effect for so small a sum. The ruins of Stonehenge, though exceedingly interesting in an antiquarian point of view, are very deficient in architectural interest. The cause is their utter want of masonic forms and manipulations: if ever the chisel and the rule were employed on these stones, all evidence of it is now gone. To be convinced of the grand effect of masonic forms in giving architectural interest to ruins, we have only to recall to mind the smallest portion of any of the buildings of antiquity, which we have seen in Greece or Italy, and compare them with these gigantic fragments. On every square inch of the surface of the former, there is the impress of human labour, and the evidence of the employment of mind. Here we are obliged to search for this evidence, by convincing ourselves, that so many stones could not be placed on end by chance; and that, though not equidistant, yet still they are so placed as to form something like regular figures. On examining the stones we find they are of three different kinds; viz. the larger stones of sandstone, the smaller of granite, and two or three stones, in particular situations, of two varieties of limestone. This shows that they have been brought from different places, but still there is wanting that mathematical regularity and uniformity which are the characteristics of masonry; and we conclude by wondering how savages, that did not know how to hew, could contrive to set such stones on end, and put other stones over them. We state this as first general impressions: after considering them farther, observing the tenons, and the corresponding mortises, and reflecting on the subject, and on the countless number of years that they must have stood there, we yield to the probability of their having been originally more or less architectural.

We met here with an artist, Mr. Browne of Amesbury, author of *An Illustration of Stonehenge and Abury*. He was sitting in a kind of covered wheelbarrow, the bottom of which formed his seat; a box, which served as the feet of the wheelbarrow, protected his legs, and kept his feet from the ground, while from the sides and back were continued up glazed canvass, so as to form a complete box. In the sides are two very small circular panes of glass, serving as spy holes. The machine is worthy the attention of other rural artists. In Mr. Browne's work, he considers Stonehenge to be erected before the flood, and Abury, a similar monument, to have been constructed under the direction of Adam, after he was driven out of Paradise, as a "remembrance of his great and sore expence in the existence of evil."

Cedars at Wilton Park.—There are a great many fine cedars in the Park here, seven of which are considered to be the first planted cedars in England, and are reckoned to be about 160 years old. The largest is a bush rather than a tree, with a trunk only 5 ft. or 6 ft. in length, and 18 ft. 6 in. in circumference at the ground. It divides into numerous upright growing branches of nearly equal size, and thus forms a large orbiculate bush about 70 ft. high.

Formerly the inhabitants of Wilton had the right of walking along the banks of the river in the park, but they are now entirely excluded, and can only by a very especial favour procure a sight of the house or grounds. The inhabitants are quite aware of the injustice which has been done them in excluding them from their ancient rights of walking by the side of the river in the park; but so powerful is a wealthy family in a small country place, that neither the corporation of Wilton united, nor any individual among them, would incur the risk of reclaiming the public right.

The Public Journals.

THE BRIDE.

She stood before the altar-screen,
Beneath the grey-arch'd temple pile,
And o'er her fell the crystal shewn
Of morning's richest sunny smile;
Zoned in the golden flood of light,
To earth she seemed not to belong;
Or if to earth, her form was bright
As seraphs loved when earth was young.

Yet she was pale—and sooth a tear
Was trembling in her lustrous eye,
As though some thought to memory dear
Was rising with a rising sigh;
And thoughts most dear they were that rose,
For though her heart was sealed on one,
Yet never can the heart's leaves close
On kindness past, or mem'ry shun.

For she had left the home of years,
The nestling place of infant days;
And she had set her foot where tears
Too often mar sweet woman's ways;
And she had laid a fond, warm heart
As ever beat, at love's bright shrine,
With murmured vows—"till death do part,
Devotedly, thine, only thine."

The chain of gold around her hung,
The clustered jewels on her hand,
Were gathered where hot tears are wrung
From toil at wealth's untamed command;
Then ne'er can those meet emblems be
To show the wealth which they enfold;
For hand and heart, where love is free,
Cast shade on jewels, gems, and gold.

In joyous hour, or worldly strife,
In cloud or sunshine, she will stand,
As angel in the paths of life,
To scatter blessings from her hand.
And say not woman's love is light,
Her constancy oft worn in pride;
For never was she first to slight
The vows of love which sealed her—bride.
Metropolitan.

LOITERINGS OF TRAVEL.—CHARLECOTE.

By N. P. Willis, Esq.

ONCE more posting through Shottery and Stratford-on-Avon, on the road to Kenilworth and Warwick. I felt a pleasure in becoming an *habitué* in Shakspeare's town—in being recognised by the Stratford post-boys, known at the Stratford Inn, and remembered at the toll-gates. It is pleasant to be welcomed by name anywhere; but at Stratford-on-Avon, it is a recognition by those whose fathers or predecessors were the companions of Shakspeare's frolics. Every fellow in a slouched hat—every idler on a tavern bench—every saunterer with a dog at his heels on the highway, should be a deer-stealer from Charlecote. You would almost ask him, "Was Will Shakspeare with you last night?"

The Lucys still live at Charlecote, immortalized by a varlet poacher who was tried before old Sir Thomas for stealing a buck. They have drawn an apology from Walter Savage Landor for making too free with the family history, under cover of an imaginary account of the trial. I thought, as we drove along in sight of the fine old hall, with its broad park and majestic trees—(very much as it stood in the days of Sir Thomas, I believe)—that most probably the descendants of the old justice look even now upon Shakspeare more as an offender against the game-laws, than as a writer of immortal plays. I venture to say, it would be bad tact in a visitor to Charlecote to felicitate the family on the honour of possessing a park in which Shakspeare had stolen deer—to show more interest in seeing the hall in which he was tried than in the family portraits.

On the road which I was travelling, (from Stratford to Charlecote,) Shakspeare had been dragged as a culprit. What were his feelings before Sir Thomas? He felt, doubtless, as every possessor of the divine fire of genius must feel, when brought rudely in contact with his fellow-men, that he was too much their superior to be angry. The humour in which he has drawn Justice Shallow, proves abundantly that he was more amused than displeased with his own trial. But was there no vexation at the moment? A reflection, it might be, from the estimate of his position in the minds of those who were about him—who looked on him simply as a stealer of so much venison. Did he care for Anne Hathaway's opinion, then?

How little did Sir Thomas Lucy understand the relation between judge and culprit on that trial! How little did he dream he was sitting for his picture to the pestilent varlet at the bar; that the deer-stealer could better afford to forgive *him*, than he the deer-stealer. Genius forgives, or rather forgets, all wrongs done in ignorance of its immortal presence. Had Ben Jonson made

a wilful jest on a line in his new play, it would have rangled longer than fine and imprisonment for deer-stealing. Those who crowd back and trample upon men of genius in the common walk of life; who cheat them, misrepresent them, take advantage of their inattention or their generosity in worldly matters, are sometimes surprised how their injuries, if not themselves, are forgotten. Old Adam Woodcock might as well have held malice against Roland Græme for the stab in the stuffed doublet of the Abbot of Misrule.

Yet, as I might have remarked in the paragraph gone before, it is probably not easy to put conscious and secret superiority entirely between the mind and the opinions of those around who think differently. It is one reason why men of genius love more than the common share of solitude—to *recover self-respect*. In the midst of the amusing travesty he was drawing in his own mind of the grave scene about him, Shakspeare possibly felt at moments as like a detected culprit as he seemed to the game-keeper and the justice. It is a small penalty to pay for the after worship of the world! The ragged and proverbially ill-dressed peasants who are selected from the whole Campagna, as models to the sculptors of Rome, care little of what is thought of their good looks in the Corso. The disguised proportions beneath their rags will be admired in deathless marble, when the noble who scarce deigns their possessor a look, will lie in forgotten dust under his stone escutcheon.

Were it not for the "out-heroded" descriptions in the Guide-Books, one might say a great deal of Warwick Castle. It is the quality of over-done or ill-expressed enthusiasm, to silence that which is more rational and real. Warwick is, perhaps, the best kept of all the famous old castles of England. It is a superb and admirably appointed modern dwelling, in the shell, and with all the means and appliances preserved, of an ancient stronghold. It is a curious union, too. My lady's maid and my lord's valet coquet upon the bartizan, where old Guy of Warwick stalked in his coat of mail. The London cockney, from his two days watering at Leamington, stops his pony-chaise, hired at half-a-crown the hour, and walks Mrs. Poppins over the old draw-bridge as peacefully as if it were the threshold of his shop in the Strand. Scot and Frenchman saunter through fosse and tower, and no ghost of the middle ages stalks forth, with closed visor, to challenge these once natural foes. The powdered butler yawns through an embrasure, expecting "miladi," the countess of this fair domain, who, in one day's posting from London, seeks relief in Warwick Castle from the routs and soirées of town. What would old Guy say, or the "noble imp" whose effigy is among the escutcheoned tombs of his fathers,

if they could rise through their marble slabs, and be whirled over the draw-bridge in a post-chaise? How indignantly they would listen to the reckoning within their own portcullis, of the rates for chaise and postilion! How astonished they would be at the butler's bow, and the proffered officiousness of the valet, "Shall I draw off your lordship's boots? Which of these new vests from Staub will your lordship put on for dinner?"

Among the pictures at Warwick, I was interested by a portrait of Queen Elizabeth, (the best of that sovereign I ever saw,) one of Machiavelli, one of Essex, and one of Sir Philip Sidney. The delightful and gifted woman whom I had accompanied to the castle, observed of the latter that the *hand* alone expressed all his character. I had often made the remark in real life, but I had never seen an instance on painting where the likeness was so true. No one could doubt, who knew Sir Philip Sidney's character, that it was a literal portrait of his hand. In our day, if you have an artist for a friend, he makes use of you while you call, to "sit for the hand" of the portrait on his easel. Having a preference for the society of artists myself, and frequenting their studios considerably, I know of some hundred and fifty unsuspecting gentlemen on canvases, who have procured, for posterity and their children, portraits of their own heads and dress-coats to be sure, but of the hands of other persons!

The head of Machiavelli is, as is seen in the marble of the gallery of Florence, small, slender, and visibly "made to creep into crevices." The face is impassive and calm, and the lips, though slight and almost feminine, have an undefinable firmness and character. Essex is the bold, plain, and blunt soldier history makes him, and Elizabeth not unqueenly, nor (to my thinking) of an uninteresting countenance; but, with all the artist's flattery, ugly enough to be the abode of the murderous envy that brought Mary to the block.

We paid our five shillings for having been walked through the marble hall of Castle Warwick, and the dressing-room of its modern lady, and gratified much more by our visit than I have expressed in this brief description, posted on to Kenilworth.—*Metro-politian*.

THE DEMON OF THE MIST.
(Concluded from page 237.)

ABOUT a month after Howard's adventure at the still, a beautiful, autumnal morning found him, with his gun on his shoulder, half way up the steep side of Craig-na-shioux. Now, reader, cast your eyes a little lower down the mountain, and you will perceive, just at the mouth of the ravine from which Howard emerged a few minutes ago, the figure of a tall, old man, leaning on his staff beneath a

jutting rock, watching the progress of the young officer with apparent interest, and a sorrowful expression in his looks. Now you may hear him muttering to himself in a suppressed voice:—"Well, well, e'en let him gang! A wilsu' man maun hae his way, and am not I an auld fule that would be hindering a red-coat from getting his deserts?—and yet he was kind to puir, old Ailie in her daftness, and I'll no be lettin' him dee that way neither. So I'll e'en gang and warn his party to look til him."—With this resolve, the old man suddenly raises himself from his drooping posture, and turning his back to the ascent, strikes down the ravine with an activity beyond his years, and soon becomes lost to the view.

Howard, meanwhile, during his long and wearisome ascent, was perplexed by strange thoughts and unwelcome presentiments.—"How extraordinary," thought he, "an old man, whom, as far as I can recollect, I never saw before, to come and exhort me so pertinaciously to give up my day's shooting, and when nothing else would do, to swear that he had seen my *fetich*—that I stood before him last night in my winding-sheet! In spite of myself, there is something in this that haunts and oppresses me. And yet what a fool I am to bestow a second thought on such nonsense! By Jove! all the old croakers in Ireland sha'n't stop my day's sport. And there goes a pack of grouse, I declare.—Now for it." And setting off with joyous alacrity in pursuit of his game, he speedily forgot the ominous bodings which had for a brief space overloaded his buoyant spirit.

The sun shone cheerily, and the bracing, mountain air infused an unwonted vigour and elasticity into his whole frame. Heedless of time or distance, he bounded many a mile over the heather, till, about three o'clock in the afternoon, he found himself, with a well-filled game-bag, on a sort of table-land at the top of the mountain, stretching out on all sides without any apparent limits. The sun had, at this moment, become obscured by an ominous, black cloud, and a veil of mist seemed thickening in the distance; but these portentous signs were utterly lost upon our young mountaineer, in whom a keen sense of hunger was then the paramount impulse. He sat down, drew out his provisions and flask, and applied himself to the enjoyment of them; and he never thought of looking up till both flask and tin case were fairly emptied. When at length he did so, he perceived with some dismay, that the sky was far more threatening, and the mist much denser than before; and as the heath spread around him in one vast, unbroken surface, with nothing to serve as a landmark, he had not the least idea from which direction he had reached his present position. He saw at once that there was no

time to be lost, and starting up, began to stride rapidly across the moor in the direction which he instinctively took to be the right one. But the heath seemed interminable, and at every step he seemed to be more thickly enveloped in the mist. Still he wandered on, consoling himself with the hope that whichever way he took, he must surely at length come to some road or track which would lead to a human habitation. Unhappily, and to him unaccountably, no such track appeared. Alas! he little knew the desert solitude of a range of high hill-tops in Ireland! By this time, the fog had acquired such a fearful and bewildering density, that, to use a common expression, "he could scarcely see his own hand;" the thick, damp air became oppressive to the lungs, and impeded his respiration, and his clothes were wet as if with rain. Though almost overcome with fatigue, annoyance, and perplexity, he still bent his steps "faint and wearily" forward, when suddenly his foot struck against something hard;—another step, and he felt he was no longer treading on springy heath, but on solid rock. At the same moment, a strange, unaccountable shudder thrilled through his frame, and he stopped, he knew not why. Then he became aware of a rushing and flapping motion in the air close above him, as if some huge body were whirling rapidly about his head:—his blood became chilled, and he involuntarily closed his eyes for a moment;—then opening them again, endeavoured, but in vain, to pierce, with straining vision, through the "palpable obscure" which enveloped him as with a shroud.

"This will never do," thought he, and he was about to advance another step, when a sudden gust of wind, rushing through some unseen fissure, transfixed him with the sharpness of a knife, and cleft asunder the rolling masses of fog. At the same instant, a horrible scream ran through the air above him, and turning upwards his bewildered glance, he beheld, magnified to a supernatural size in the vapoury atmosphere, the form of an immense, black eagle, wheeling round his head with outstretched pinions, like an evil genius, or the "Demon of the Mist," uttering fierce cries of awful bodement. He hastily averted his eyes, but, on looking downwards, what was his horror to find himself standing on the very brink of the tremendous Craig-na-shioux precipice; one single step further must have been his last! Some hundred feet of the perpendicular wall were open to his view—the rest of the fearful chasm was shrouded in the unfathomable mist. He stood for a moment paralyzed—his brain grew dizzy, and he felt as if about to lose his footing—but collecting, with a last effort, his fast ebbing strength, he flung himself backwards, and fell at full length on

the heath. The fragment he had been standing on, loosened by the impulse, dashed headlong down the gulf with a fearful crash; the stunning sound rang confusedly in his ears—his senses forsook him, and he swooned away.

When Howard awoke to consciousness, he stared vacantly around him, unable to divine where he was lying. The faint glimmer of a rushlight just sufficed for him to distinguish that he was in some subterraneous abode, with an arched roof above, and a dark recess beyond him. The first image that flashed upon his mind was that of the old man upon the hill, when he lifted up his warning hand, and exclaimed, "Dinna gang up Craig-na-shioux the morn, sir, for I saw ye're fetch in a white shroud at my bed's foot last night."—"What! can the devil speak true?" was the question he involuntarily asked himself; but, as his returning senses gathered strength, he became aware that he was not only still in the land of the living, but that he was equally free from broken bones or other bodily injury. By degrees, all the circumstances of his mountain adventure began to unravel themselves in his memory; though he was perfectly unconscious of what had befallen him from the moment of his providential escape at the brink of the precipice. Forgetting the languor and prostration of strength which had hitherto kept him supine and motionless, he attempted to spring up and feel for his gun. The movement, however, was suddenly checked, and the whole horror of his situation was brought before him, when he discovered himself to be firmly, though not tightly, bound down to a rude kind of bedstead. Agonizing were the convictions that ensued upon this discovery; he could no longer doubt that he was in the power of the smugglers, and that they could have no other intention but that of murdering him. "This, then," thought he, "was the source of the old man's prophecy! Fool that I was, to imagine for an instant that he could have foreseen my danger at the precipice! No, no! his second sight was derived from a much surer quarter. No doubt these villains were lying in wait for me whilst I was wandering bewildered in that awful mist."—To these reflections succeeded other and more bitter thoughts, as the lonely helplessness of his situation pressed itself more and more upon his mind. But to this mood succeeded one of a firmer and more manly strain. Determined to leave no means untried for regaining his freedom, he began cautiously to work about his wrists in the ropes that bound them. By degrees, to his great joy, he felt them stretching, for they were only made of straw. One hand was at length set at liberty, and breathless with hope and agitation, he was proceeding to disengage the

other, when a powerful grasp seized him by the throat from behind, and he was instantly pinned down again to his wretched pallet. Gasping for breath, and half suffocated, he looked up and saw a fierce-looking ruffian bending over him, his hideous eyes peering through the shaggy elf-locks of matted, red hair which hung about his face.

"Now, jist be aisy wid ye, my jewel," cried he with a frightful grin; "for I'm no so soft as that neither, and I set here to watch on ye. May be, though I did shut my eyes for awhile, I'm no going to let you off yet." So saying, he coolly put one knee upon Howard's chest, and pressed him tightly down, whilst he secured him with the ropes more firmly than ever.

"In the name of God," exclaimed Howard, as soon as he could speak, "What do you mean to do with me?"

"Is it what I'll do wid ye?" answered his ferocious jailer.—"An what ha'e ye done wid our stills, that niver did yerself any harm? Couldna ye let a pair body mak his livin' quietly, ye black-hearted Englisher, widout comin' over the sea to ruin us intirely? Is it what I'll do wid ye? Troth, there's the black pit of the Shiouk no very far from this, that no man ever seed the bottom of, and nothin' ever cam out alive or dead that once went in; and whin the rascally gauger cam last year to speer at us, ye see we jist threw him down head foremost for spakin' about it; and may be the Captain will be for sendin' you after him, and that 'ill be what we'll do wid you, if it's no somethin' waur."—Perceiving that his victim was evidently writhing with horror at his language, the wretch went on with his taunts:—"An' ye had a sharp eye, to be sure, on yon sodger's cap t'other day; an' more fule ye, that niver looked inside the cask—may be if ye had, I hadna been here the day to laugh when I see ye leavin' whin ye can't help yerself down the pit of the Shiouk. He was a pretty man enough that owed the cap, but I doubt his mother 'ill niver wake his body. But here comes the Captain his own sel, and ye'll soon know what we'll do wid ye."—With a savage leer he arose, and going towards the entrance of the vault, left Howard in a state of suspense too dreadful to describe. He distinctly heard the tread of a body of men approaching above ground, and with a half-uttered, but fervent prayer to Heaven, he endeavoured to steel his mind for the worst. They came heavily on, and every reverberation sounded like a knell to his fainting heart. At length, they seemed to have reached the mouth of the cave, and stopped to parley. Howard now held his breath in an agony of excitement, when suddenly his hideous tormenter came rushing back in a frenzy of rage.—"By the eternal powers!" cried he, "ye've

brought yer sodgers on us again, but ye'll no 'scape me yerself any how yit,"—and darting aside, he seized a tremendous pick-axe which lay in a corner. The desperation of the moment lent Howard the strength of a giant, and with one convulsive effort he burst asunder the ropes that bound him, and sprang forward to seize the uplifted arm. Just then he heard the voice of his own sergeant in the passage.

"Forward! my lads, and we'll save our officer yet!" The ruffian struggled fearfully at the sound, and shaking himself loose, was just aiming another blow at Howard, when a musket-shot levelled him to the ground, and the instant after, six bayonets were thrust through his body.

"Stop," cried Howard, "secure him alive," but it was too late—the enraged soldiers would almost have torn him piecemeal.

"Faith, your honour," cried the sergeant, "you might as well have cried stop when he had that ugly pick-axe over your honour's own head just now."

When Howard, safely housed in his quarters, had leisure to recapitulate his extraordinary adventures and escapes, he found that an old man, answering in description to his warning friend of the mountain, had come and apprized the sergeant that he would find his officer in great peril at the cave where they had seized the still. After giving this hint, he immediately made off, without a word further in explanation. As a climax of good fortune, he also found waiting for him a despatch from headquarters, containing his recall from this always disagreeable and now insupportable station. Losing no time in preparations, he immediately bade adieu to Craig-na-shiouk, bequeathing to it his heartiest maledictions.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Manners and Customs.

THE FEAST OF INCAS AT VALENCIENNES.
(From the French journal, *Le Follet.*)

I AM but about to speak of a masquerade of recent origin, which, at fifty leagues from the capital, fills, once a-year, the streets of a little town of Flanders, as the Parisians yet call it. Nevertheless, there are few things more worthy of duration than this institution, as yet in all the freshness of its youth; and few things more eminently philanthropic than the spirit which governs this labour of a season of folly. Herein, the people have created a *fête*, that Naples and Venice might envy,—a *fête*, whose splendour surpasses the most aristocratic pomp, and whose noble object, sanctifies all that is worldly in the ceremony, and frivolous in the period.

In Flanders, it must be understood, there

is no good carnival without a merry Ash Wednesday, any more than a good *fête* without its next day; and this Wednesday is to the people, like the St. Monday of a long Sunday; upon it, they enter the Carnival with great pomp, under the form of a man whose belly has been enormously distended by good cheer, and who, it is voted, could not sustain for a moment the sight of Lent. Pança, (such is the name of the person whom they inter,) is in himself alone, the most substantial summary of the Flemish mythology; he is the symbol, the mythe, and we may even say, the individuality of the Fleming himself,—epicurean, hilarious, and gastronomic. Should not these qualities entitle him to immortality? it surely cannot fail him in a country where they cry, on the same day that they perform his exequies, "*Pança is dead!*—*Long live Pança!*" The apparition and funeral march of this popular personage, are, on the evening of Ash Wednesday, expected as an extraordinary event. All on a sudden, the sounds of martial music, the ringing step of horses, and the noise of chariots, announce the arrival of the Incas. By the sudden glare of a thousand torches carried by guards dressed in white, one may now distinguish a chariot filled with savages clad in leaves: then, in, or upon another, a pyramid of young men grouped after the antique, whose fine figures are perfectly thrown out by their flesh-coloured vestments: further on, a circle of young priestesses of the sun, amid whom, and standing up as if to protect them, rises a high priest in a long linen robe: these are followed by a car of high dignitaries, richly attired, and sparkling with jewels; and the procession is wound up by Greeks, Romans, Chinese, Persians, Africans, — the ambassadors, in short, of all nations. Everywhere, the most dazzling and no less faithful costumes unite all that the East has of sumptuousness, with all that the North owns of barbarity; and all antiquity boasts that is chaste, with all that our modern times display of the elegant and the refined.

The immense number of cressets which escort the procession, wind spirally through the crowd, and render apparent the freshness and dazzling lustre of the costumes, and the admirable order of the *cortège*. Listen to those popular airs, repeated by four or five bands of musicians, who march amid the long train of carriages; behold that dubious light at every open window, and the *cafés* illuminated and choked up with the curious; reckon that infinite number of lanterns which, raised as they go to a level with balconies overflowing with ladies, stand at length like a burning cincture round the public square; mark these things, and then you will have some idea of that union of the marvellous and grotesque, whose characteristics, at once poetical and lugubrious, mirthful and fantas-

tic, call to mind the pen of Hoffman, or the pencil of Holbein. The body of Pança, a new phoenix, is reduced to ashes, only to revive at the same returned season of folly. Fireworks terminate the *fête*, and whilst a shower of fire sheds its light upon the myriad of human heads, which, like a living, animated mosaic, cover the pavement of the public square, the *élite* of the Incas are beheld on their knees in a circle, amidst the fires of an immense artificial sun, simulating adoration to the luminary which was the god of Peru.

These magnificent costumes and varied disguises, are but an attractive bait offered to curiosity by the philanthropic Incas; under the garb of folly, charity guides them, (*la charité les conduit*), according to the simple inscription which may be read in letters of fire, on a modest transparency which precedes their march.

The zeal of this charity animates them; Union and Pleasure, Gaiety and Humanity, are their only mottoes, and which may be beheld reproduced under a thousand different forms upon the coloured lanterns,—the true flags of this pacific army.

Numerous collectors, all the time that the ceremony lasts, haunt the streets, levying contributions from the crowd, and invading equally private circles as well as public places; now receiving the *son* of the countryman upon the *pavé* of the square, and now seeking the alms of the wealthy even at the top of the balconies. The harvest is often abundant.

And who would not credit, that, with so much magnificence, and such splendour, and orderly arrangement, this nocturnal *fête* was got up by the richest families of the town? But, no;—it is the middling, the working, class, that has invented a *fête* over which it is so worthy to preside. These kings, ambassadors, and Incas, are worthy artisans, master mechanics, and mechanics themselves, who have alone traced the designs for their costumes, regulated their order of march, decorated their cars, painted their transparencies, and written their mottoes; whilst their wives, daughters, and sisters, have ordered their robes, twisted their turbans, and arranged their crowns. The labours of the day, and even of the night, have not been spared by any of them, to give *éclat* to this *fête*; nay, their zeal, and even their time, so precious, have not sufficed; they have vied, with their purses, to contribute towards those laborious and numerous preparations, which were, nevertheless, made merely to dazzle for one night, but which should obtain for them afterwards, a harvest of benedictions from the poor.

The masquerade of the Incas, was originally composed only of individuals wearing the costume of the ancient inhabitants of Peru; but it must not from thence be ima-

gined that it dates from the reign of Charles V., who united under his sway, the Flemings and Peruvians;—no, the institution of the Incas at Valenciennes, boasts not near so distant an origin; it only arose in 1825, at which period it succeeded the far less brilliant masquerade of Binbin; when, wishing to adopt more striking and picturesque costumes, that of the Incas was decided upon, which is all that there is Peruvian in its origin.

At a later period, it was deemed advisable, in order to render the procession more striking, to glean from the five portions of the world, whatsoever each could offer most rich and picturesque: hence we behold the junction of negroes and Chinese, of savages and Europeans; even antiquity was laid under contribution, and the Greeks and Romans made union with the inhabitants of the New World.

The masquerade of Binbin bears date in Valenciennes from 1818; but it was never more than an imitation of the grotesque parade of Gayant, which yet figures every year at the patronal *fête* of Douai. Binbin was the last offshoot of Gayant,—a puppet of osier, about twenty feet high, which the people drew through the streets in broad day.

It is asserted, that to the musicians of the National Guard at Valenciennes, Binbin was indebted for the right of citation in that town; and that only the idea of ridiculing the Douaisians, by whom they believed themselves aggrieved, gave rise to this first masquerade, in which a collection was also made for the benefit of the poor and the prisoners.

At this time, the Procession of the Incas, has nothing in common with these first imperfect attempts; but, it begins to be appreciated throughout France, judging by the great number of the curious, and of strangers who resort to Valenciennes to see it,—an immense throng flocking thither from twenty or thirty leagues round. And, that no sort of glory should be lacking to the society of the Incas, it has already obtained the honour of imitation at Cambray.

M. L. B.

The Gatherer.

On the 19th Sept. as a party of the London Brigade firemen, were digging up the ruins of the recent fire, at Fenning's Wharf, London Bridge, among a large pile of half-burnt and otherwise spoilt hops, they turned over the body of a cat, to all appearance, dead: but, no sooner were the hops cleared away, than the cat began to revive, and commenced eating the hops. The fire occurred on the 30th of August last; so that the cat must have continued alive beneath the hops twenty days.

Why a Balloon rises.—A balloon is a thing,

light bag of varnished silk, generally shaped like a globe or egg. It is filled with gas, which is much lighter than common air: and, it is made large enough that the difference between its weight and that of an equal quantity of common air, may enable it to carry up the silk of which it is constructed, with the persons sitting in the car attached to the balloon. Indeed, a balloon is like a bladder of oil in water, which floats; the oil being lighter than the water, as the gas in the balloon is lighter than the air in which it rises.

"There are perhaps," observes a recent writer, "few occasions calculated more to surprise and delight, than when a balloon is first beheld sailing high in the bosom of the air, and lifting man to regions far beyond what the soaring eagle has ever reached:—and to the intrepid aeronaut, (or sailor in the air,) himself, the scene of a world displayed beneath him is, unquestionably, the grandest which mortal eye has ever compassed. Even wide-spread London, the queen of the cities of the earth, and a little world within itself, when viewed from such an elevation in the sky, appears but as a dusky patch upon a map, where the far-famed Thames winds as a silvery line; and where the magnificent temples and palaces scattered around, appear but as darker points rising out of the general mist of buildings, in which a million and a half of human beings reside."—*From the Juvenile Every-day Book.*

The first Wagon.—Joseph Brasbridge, writing in 1824, says:—"I recollect the first broad-wheeled wagon that was used in Oxfordshire, and a wondering crowd of spectators it attracted. I believe at that time there was not a post-chaise in England, except two-wheeled ones. Lamps to carriages are also a modern improvement. A shepherd, who was keeping sheep in the vicinity of a village in Oxfordshire, came running over, to say, that a frightful monster, with saucer-eyes, and making a great blowing noise, was coming towards the village. This monster turned out to be a post-chaise with two lamps!"

Barbel.—Although barbel, (*Cyprinus barbus*), are rejected as a fish not fit to be eaten, they are by no means to be despised if dressed in the following manner:—The fish should be well cleaned and the backbone taken out, and the sides cut into slices, and thrown into salt and water. After remaining in it for an hour or two, these slices should be spit-cooked, as eels. — *Jesse's Angler's Rambles.*

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